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A PARAMOUNT LINE PUBLICATION

THE HOLIDAYS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

AND

CHRISTMAS IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND

TWO CHRISTMAS PLAYLETS

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOL, YOUNG PEOPLES
SOCIETY, PUBLIC SCHOOL AND
COMMUNITY



PUBLISHED BY
MEYER & BROTHER
56 W. WASHINGTON ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

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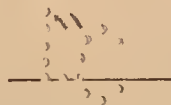
CHRISTMAS IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND

TWO CHRISTMAS PLAYLETS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL, YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIETY,
PUBLIC SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY

Written by

PEARL HOLLOWAY



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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Published by
MEYER AND BROTHER
56 W. Washington St.
Chicago, Ill.

FN 6120
C5 H55

NOV 25
1923

© CIA 762675

OCT 29 1923

NOV 1

m. l. f. 1, Nov. 1-23

PREFACE

Here are two Christmas plays that are sure to appeal. In the one, different Holidays of the year meet for the first time on invitation from Santa Claus to celebrate the Christmas Holiday together. It is a happy party during which the true meaning of the different Holidays is nicely brought out.

The second play introduces the well known Mother Goose family, so familiar to old and young. Here we see them all, alive and preparing for Santa's coming on Christmas Eve. A play that will delight the children, and bring happy memories to the grown folks.

In both plays, lines can be added or changed that will give local color and such changes often add much to the pleasure of the occasion.

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE HOLIDAYS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS—*Usual costume.*

NEW YEAR—*Small boy in new suit.*

VALENTINE'S DAY—*Small boy or girl in light suit, trimmings of red hearts, carrying bow and arrow.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—*Boy wearing high silk hat, dark suit, green tie, shamrock.*

EASTER—*Girl in white, hair hanging loose, carrying lilies.*

FOURTH OF JULY—*Small boy in Uncle Sam suit, carrying drum and flags.*

DECORATION DAY—*Boy and girl wearing badges of Grand Army and Relief Corps, carrying flags and flowers.*

THANKSGIVING DAY—*Boy and girl in costume of Pilgrims.*

STAGE SETTING—*Rather plain at first, Christmas decorations as indicated.*

SANTA CLAUS (*seated at desk examining calendar*)—There are a good many holidays in this calendar, and I never get to see them. I suppose a lot of them never saw my kind of a good time either. (*Scratches head.*) I wonder why I can't have a party and invite all the other holidays. (*Thinks earnestly, then takes pencil and paper from his pockets or from the drawer in the table and writes quickly, folding several sheets after he had finished them.*) There (*rising*), I'll give these to the elves to mail and begin to get ready for my party. I hope they'll all accept. (*Leaves the room, to return presently with a Christmas tree, which he puts in a suitable place, examines it carefully, and then proceeds to add other Christmas decorations for the room and the usual trimmings for the tree. The work finished, he stands off and looks at it critically.*) That looks pretty good to me, as good as the trees in the big churches and wealthy homes I've visited. Of course, New Year has seen Christmas trees because they are often left standing until after he comes, but the rest of them will be surprised, I am sure. I wonder if I can't find a little snow to amuse Easter, Decoration Day and Fourth of July. (*Leaves again, returning with artificial snow which he scatters on and under the tree and in a few places about the room.*) That makes it much better. (*Looks at his watch.*) It's time they were coming now.

Knock at door.

SANTA CLAUS (*opening door to admit New Year*)—Well, Happy New Year! I thought you would be here. We almost meet a number of times. What do you think of the idea of having the holidays come together for a Christmas party anyway?

NEW YEAR—I'm always glad to have new things, and this certainly is the newest yet. Are the rest coming?

SANTA CLAUS—I haven't heard. I just sent the letters by the elves with instructions to take the first moonbeam and come if possible. There (*a knock at the door*), someone is coming now. (*Goes to door and admits Valentine's Day.*) Come in, my friend, we were just looking for you.

VALENTINE'S DAY—I was glad to receive your invitation. I have always wanted to come to a Christmas party, but they never had one for me.

SANTA CLAUS—That's too bad. They mix up hearts with Christmas frequently. I don't see why they couldn't give you a little Christmas fun.

Another knock at the door. Santa Claus admits St. Patrick's Day, Easter and Thanksgiving.

SANTA CLAUS (*shaking hands with newcomers*)—Come in, come in; I'm very glad you came.

ST. PATRICK—Sure, and I think this is the finest thing that ever happened. It's seldom, indade, that I have met a fine old man like yourself, and to see these grand young people is a joy to my soul.

EASTER (*glancing at the snow*)—How can such a beautiful tree stand the snow? Sometimes I have to cover my lilies carefully when snow comes for fear it might kill them.

ST. PATRICK—Sure, and the Christmas tree likes it, mum. You see, Christmas trees and lilies are very different flowers.

EASTER (*touching the snow*)—I think it is beautiful. and so very soft, I have often wondered why it hurt my lilies.

ST. PATRICK—They're that delicate, mum, they can't stand much of anything, I guess. They are so fair they should live only in the warm sunshine.

EASTER—And yet, they brighten many dark rooms.

ST. PATRICK—That they do, mum. I've heard them planning many a time on me own good day that they would have lilies by Easter to make the churches beautiful and to cheer the sad and lone. 'Tis a wonderful blessing they are, mum, and the Saints continue to make them so.

THANKSGIVING (*man*)—The snow is common with us in some parts of the country, and ever since the first Thanksgiving many people feel the day

is not complete without a ride to grandfather's in a big sleigh. It grieves my heart to see the way people are wandering from the sacred meaning of our holy day.

THANKSGIVING (*woman*)—But, John, they are thankful just the same, only they do not realize what it really meant to us, and they cannot understand.

SANTA CLAUS—I know how you feel. I have watched the Christmas tide for centuries, and have noted with sorrow how there is a tendency to lose the sweetness of the season, but times will change, and we must do our best to make our own days as bright and happy as we can. I thought perhaps we might exchange a few ideas on the subject while we were here together.

ST. PATRICK—And a fine idea it is, too. I've noticed myself the wearing of the green means little or nothing to some of the young upstarts of the present generation, and a sad thing it is, a sad thing indeed!

EASTER—Yes, and some people even forget the meaning of Easter and think only of wearing new clothes!

NEW YEAR—Well, that's one thing I don't have to worry about. Everyone wishes everyone else happiness on my day, and I can't see that there is much change from one year to another except people do not make as many calls as they did in early times.

SANTA CLAUS—It's a pretty good world, after all, and all of us find some fine people along with the careless ones.

ST. PATRICK—Right ye are, man; I've noticed it myself.

Knock at door. Santa Claus admits Decoration Day and Fourth of July.

SANTA CLAUS—Now, that we are all here, suppose we introduce ourselves, and then proceed to have a good time. New Year, you are the first to come after me. You tell the rest about yourself.

NEW YEAR—While the Christmas trees are still decorating homes and churches and some of the Christmas toys are still unbroken, I steal up to the door at the call of Old Father Time and take possession just as Old Year totters out. I find much of joy and much of sorrow. When I come, people begin to make plans for the holidays which follow me, so I know something of all of you. I think this is the nicest party I ever heard of. Nobody ever heard of having Thanksgiving and Easter together before, or even St. Patrick and Fourth of July. We ought to have a fine time.

ST. VALENTINE (*looking around*)—The calendar calls me next, and I must say I never saw so nice a party. I have seen pictures of Christmas trees, for all children love them and the children are coming more and more

to celebrate my day. It used to be that only lovers paid any attention to me, and many is the tender message I have carried. Many a heart have I seen broken and healed again, and many a fickle lad and lass have used me for their own purposes. School children love to exchange pretty tokens on my day, and older people as well let their hearts appear for an instant. In years, I am very, very old, but my heart is ever young, and I am always glad to return to earth for a visit.

ST. PATRICK (*looking about the group*)—Sure, and I'm mighty glad our old friend took a notion to invite us here the day. That's as pretty a tree as I ever saw, and the snow on its branches is a sight for tired eyes. As for you, my good friends (*making a sweeping motion with his arm*), it's happy I am to meet you. I've seen pictures and heard stories about every one of you, but never did I hope to come to a party where Thanksgiving and Christmas and Fourth of July and Easter and all the rest of us could talk over our troubles and joys and get acquainted like this. It's a blessed privilege and I'm telling you I never shall forget it. (*Feels about in his pockets and brings forth a handful of shamrock leaves.*) I thought I had them! It's seldom I go out without a supply of my favorite flower, and it's proud I am to be giving the shamrock to each and every one of you with my compliments and best wishes. (*Gives shamrock.*)

EASTER (*somewhat shyly*)—I think I come next, but I can't talk like the others. You all know what my day is. Christmas brings great happiness to the world, but if it had not been for Easter the happiness would not have been so great. I'd like to give each of you a lily to remind you of my day and to let you know how glad I am we had this party. (*Gives lilies.*)

DECORATION DAY (*boy*)—Our day is a day of remembrance, when the nation unites to pay its respect to those who have died for the flag. Although we remember the dead of all wars, our first purpose was to honor those who sacrificed their all in the great Civil War, and we can best show you our spirit by singing one of the songs we love. (*Boy and girl sing, "The Blue and the Gray."*)

ST. PATRICK (*wiping his eyes*)—Bless them! Sure, and many a wearer of the green lies under the sod, the shamrock close to a blue or a gray coat.

FOURTH OF JULY (*slyly shooting a tiny fire cracker or a toy pistol*)—My day makes itself heard. (*The girls all jump and appear frightened.*) I exist because the colonies threw off the yoke of England, and I stand for liberty, justice and equality for all. Hurrah for the Fourth of July! I'm mighty glad Santa Claus invited us to this party. (*More noise. The rest look on with characteristic expressions.*)

ST. PATRICK—Sure, and the boy is right. Happiness, liberty, justice and equality for all! Here, have another shamrock. (*Presents him with one more, pinning it to his coat.*)

THANKSGIVING (*man*)—Even before the first Fourth of July, we came to show the gratitude of the early settlers for their lives having been spared. All through the years we have continued, the President of the United States and the Governor of each separate state issuing proclamations that our day be observed. We have no flowers to give, but we are glad to know the rest of you and to hear you tell of your own work.

SANTA CLAUS—You all know me. I guess every boy and girl from the north pole to the south and clear around the equator knows who I am and waits for my coming. I love the boys and girls, and I love all of you. I am glad we could have a party, and I am glad you have all told of your own days. Now, no party is complete without refreshments, so if you will entertain yourselves a few minutes, I will see about them. (*Leaves.*)

All the holidays talk together, walking about, examining the tree, looking at the snow, and mingling informally. Fourth of July takes delight in making a noise, but hands each one a small flag with best wishes for a Merry Christmas. St. Valentine uses his bow and arrow and pins a heart on each guest. Santa Claus returns with small stockings filled with candy and nuts which he hands to his guests, giving each one a card with a picture of himself or a Christmas tree on it. They sit down and eat, saving the stockings and pictures carefully. At last they rise to go. Santa Claus shakes hands with each one, acknowledging their expressions of gratitude. As he opens the door, strains of music float in and he motions for silence. Distant voices sing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." All the guests are silent until the last word dies away, then Santa Claus says—

That, my friends, is the real message of my day.

The guests leave. The curtain is drawn.

CHRISTMAS IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND

CHARACTERS

MOTHER GOOSE—*Full skirts, rather tight waist, ruffles on sleeves, high, pointed hat.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE—*Blue trousers and jacket, white collar to waist, cap, horn at his side.*

MISS MUFFIT—*Full skirts, plenty of ruffles, bowl and spoon, low stool.*

LITTLE JACK HORNER—*Dark trousers, light waist with ruffles on collar and sleeves; small stool, pie.*

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY—*Frilly dress; carries watering pot.*

JACK AND JILL—*Boy and girl in any usual clothes, carrying large pail between them.*

BABY BUNTING—*Chubby child in usual clothes; fur suit may be used.*

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD—*Old fashioned dress, cape over shoulders, cap on head, apron tied around waist, spectacles on nose.*

SANTA CLAUS—*Usual costume.*

Stage bare except for row of flower pots, stool in corner, another near front.

Enter Mother Goose—Oh, dear! It is almost Christmas and not a thing done! I never was so busy in my life. I wonder where all my children are. (Looks about, sees flower pots.) There, Mary's been here, I know. That child is so contrary I don't know what I am going to do with her. She persists in watering those ugly pots even if it is winter and she knows nothing is planted there. If I could only get her to think of something else! (Sighs.)

Enter Mary (humming to herself and swinging her watering pot. Bends over flower pots, examining them eagerly)—I did so hope something would be growing today, and I was just ready to get some more water.

MOTHER GOOSE—*Mary, dear, you know nothing will grow now. Why don't you play with the other children and forget your garden?*

MARY (*wiping her eyes*)—*Oh, Mother Goose, I thought maybe some Christmas trees would grow if I watered them enough! The boys and girls loved my silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row, and I wanted to please them with a row of Christmas trees this winter.*

MOTHER GOOSE (*thoughtfully*)—And that is why you have been so contrary about watering them when I said there wasn't any use? (*Mary nods.*) Well, perhaps But here come the others.

Enter Jack and Jill swinging their pail; Little Miss Muffit, who hunts her stool and sits down, beginning to eat rapidly, but watching on all sides fearfully; Jack Horner, who goes to his place in the corner and begins hunting in his pie for plums; Mother Hubbard, who looks about everywhere for a bone; Little Boy Blue, who straggles off to one side and appears to go to sleep; and Baby Bunting, who toddles about and takes hold of Mother Goose's skirts.

MOTHER GOOSE (*still thoughtfully*)—Children, gather about me.

Jack and Jill and Mother Hubbard draw nearer. Jack Horner pauses in his search for a plum and listens; Miss Muffit licks her spoon and rises.

MOTHER GOOSE—Mary is wishing she had a row of Christmas trees to please the children, and I have been thinking what we could do to have a Christmas celebration. Some one might put it in a book so the children could have it for years and years and it would make ever so many of them happy. Jack, you and Jill drop your pail and run up the hill to the woods. I am sure you can find a Christmas tree the right size for this room. Mother Hubbard, if you will get a broom and sweep up here a little we can have a celebration right in this room.

Jack and Jill leave their pail in a corner and run off at the back of the stage. Mother Hubbard rushes to the back, seizes a broom and sweeps vigorously.

MOTHER GOOSE—Mary, you go out in the yard and see if you can't find some tiny branches of those evergreen trees. They won't grow in your flower pots, but they will stick up there and look pretty for our party. Miss Muffit, take Baby Bunting and feed him some of your curds and whey. Poor child, his daddy has been gone so long to get that rabbit skin that he is tired. Jack Horner, set your pie down a while and be ready to help when the tree comes.

Mary runs off the stage, returning presently with a number of evergreen twigs which she places in the flower pots. Miss Muffit takes the baby to her stool and feeds it. Jack Horner carefully places his pie on his stool and rushes around, getting in Mother Hubbard's way. She pretends to chase him with the broom. Little Boy Blue still seems to sleep. Mother Goose looks about reflectively. Sees him.

MOTHER GOOSE—Come, Little Boy Blue, you mustn't sleep when the rest are so busy getting ready for a Christmas party. We should all help with that. You run out and watch for Jack and Jill. When you see them coming, blow your horn so we can have the place all fixed for the tree. If you see any pretty ornaments, bring them with you. The sheep and the cows are all in their barns today, so you needn't worry about them.

Boy Blue goes out. Everybody busy. Mary works around her flower pots. Miss Muffit and the Baby have a great time taking turns licking the spoon. The Baby sees Jack Horner's pie and starts after it. Jack moves the pie and stool to the other side of the stage. Mother Hubbard satisfies herself there is no more dirt and takes the broom away. Mother Goose stands with her hands on her hips.

Sound of horn outside.

MOTHER GOOSE—I hear Boy Blue's horn, so Jack and Jill must be coming.

All look expectantly toward rear of stage. Enter Jack and Jill dragging Christmas tree. Boy Blue follows with his hands full of holly wreaths and Christmas tree ornaments.

JACK—There, Mother Goose, how's that for a tree? We found it clear at the top of the hill, in the very place where we started to fall last summer.

JILL—And we got clear back without falling once! I'm glad, for I don't like the smell of vinegar and Jack is apt to be cross when his head is plastered with brown paper.

Mother Hubbard brings a standard for the tree, and they all busy themselves setting it up. Baby Bunting runs around and around, touching first one and then another.

BOY BLUE—A kind lady gave me these for trimming. She remembered hearing my horn last summer. It drove the cows out of her corn.

MOTHER GOOSE—Mary, put your flower pots in a circle around the tree. (*Mary obeys.*) Jack Horner, run in the other room and bring me that big box you will find back of the door.

Jack gives a longing look toward his pie, and goes out, returning in a very short time with the box, which is opened. It contains tinsel and other ornaments for the tree.

MOTHER GOOSE (*handing articles to the various ones*)—Here, Miss Muffit, put these where they will look prettiest. Mother Hubbard, you are taller than the rest, put this star near the top of the tree. Boy Blue, step outside and blow your horn again. I rather think Santa Claus will be coming this

way before long, and it will cheer him to know you are working as usual. Baby Bunting (*stooping to kiss him*), you are a darling, and I know Santa Claus will bring you something nice.

All work busily. Mother Goose walks about, looking at the tree from every possible angle. Boy Blue goes outside and the horn is heard clearly. Jack Horner pulls several plums out of his pie, and, with string from his pocket, ties them to the tree. Miss Muffit borrows a piece of string, and ties her spoon to the tree, first licking it carefully. Baby Bunting claps his hands.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (*entering in excitement*)—Listen, everybody, and you'll hear sleigh bells!

All listen. Sleigh bells in distance.

BOY BLUE—I was blowing my horn and stopped to hear the echo, but for some reason it didn't sound natural, so I blew again. When I listened that time I heard the sleigh bells, and I'm just sure I caught a glimpse of the reindeers' horns, 'way up on the hill.

LITTLE JACK HORNER—I hope he brings me another pie. This one has lost all its plums.

LITTLE MISS MUFFIT—Well, I want a new bowl and spoon so the baby won't have to use mine.

BABY BUNTING—Baby want rabbit skin. Daddy too slow.

MOTHER HUBBARD (*longingly*)—If he'd only bring me some good bones, my dog might come back. I miss him so!

MOTHER GOOSE—You have all been so good about helping get the party ready that I am sure he will bring something. But we mustn't be here when he comes. He wouldn't like that you know. (*Sleigh bells come nearer.*) What shall we do? (*Thoughtfully*) I have it! Every one of you run in that closet until Santa Claus gets here, and then we'll all come out and give him a surprise.

All rush out side entrance. Sounds of giggling and whispering. Sleigh bells approach rapidly.

SANTA CLAUS (*outside*)—Whoa, there! Whoa, I say! Don't you know this is Mother Goose's house? We must stop and see what her family wants.

Enter Santa Claus. Looks all around. Sees tree. Examines it carefully. Stoops down and examines flower pots with evergreen in them. Notices plums, also spoon. Wipes his eyes, strokes his beard.

SANTA CLAUS—Bless their hearts, if they haven't fixed up a tree by themselves! What can I do for them? (*Thinks a moment.*) What would they

want? (*Takes off pack and begins rummaging in it.*) Well, here's a book on gardening and a package of flower seeds. Mary will like them, I know. She is so fond of her garden, hundreds of children enjoy reading about them. I'll just hang these on the tree for her. (*Busies himself hanging things on the tree, talking as he does so.*) And Jack Horner shall have a whole package of plums without hunting all through a pie for them. I'll give Boy Blue a new horn. He had to call those cows so many times last summer that his old one must be about worn out. It sounds pretty good yet, I know, but he'll like this just the same. Miss Muffit has given her spoon to trim the tree, so I'll give her a shiny new one. I'm going to put a doll on for her, too. Girls always like dolls. Baby Bunting shall have a fur suit and a Teddy Bear. Mother Hubbard shall have a whole sack of bones so her dog won't have to go hungry. I always did like dogs. Jack and Jill have been such good children that I'm going to give them a sled. The snow will be just right for coasting down that hill tomorrow. (*Looks at tree.*) There, that looks about right. Wish I could wait and see them when they come in, but—(*listens*). What was that noise? Seems like I've heard something ever since I came in here. (*Looks around, peering under tree and toward back of stage.*) Well, I must be off. (*Starts to go, but turns as children rush out shouting, "Merry Christmas."*)

Santa Claus catches Baby Bunting in his arms. The other children dance around the tree. Mother Hubbard sees the bones and begins to call her dog. Mother Goose looks at the group and smiles lovingly.

SANTA CLAUS—It isn't very often people surprise me, I can tell you, but you did it this time, all right. I'd like to stay longer, but I must go. Merry Christmas! (*Leaves.*)

Curtain falls as all shout, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

SUGGESTIONS

To Be Observed Before Presenting A Dialogue.

Success depends largely upon the judicious selection of the speakers; and, as far as possible, only those should be selected who are apt and pretty.

DRESS.

In all kinds of dialogues, children, as a rule, like to dress in costume. Whenever convenient, effort should be made to have suitable costumes prepared from cheese cloth, cambric, silko-line or paper, which may easily be procured plain or in colors for a nominal cost. This will add both zest and interest to the occasion.

Another important thing to remember is that costumes may be used for other occasions; therefore, they should be carefully put away in boxes after the program is finished.

REHEARSALS.

Success in any undertaking is assured if each participant becomes thoroughly familiar with his part. This can be accomplished only by study and frequent rehearsals. Insist from the beginning that each member be prompt in attendance. Some programs, of course, may demand a longer time for rehearsal, according to the length and difficulty of the production.

DEPORTMENT.

Maintain absolute good order and behavior; any deviation from this important rule should be instantly corrected. Start rehearsals at least four weeks previous to the time set for the performance.

If costumes are used, have several dress rehearsals, in order to wear away the novelty occasioned by seeing the others in costume.

DECLAMATION.

First and foremost, each must thoroughly memorize his part and become familiar with it, that he may be able to recite without hesitation. When this has been accomplished, present gesture and emphasis; let both be merely improvements. Be careful not to destroy individuality or natural effort. Let every word be distinct and deliberately spoken. Instantly squelch a drawling intonation of voice.

ASSIGNMENT OF PARTS.

When a part has been assigned, it should be kept by that person unless he proves particularly unfitted. If this rule be adhered to, much jealousy and discontent will be avoided.

NOTE BOOK.

If a performance be long, a small note book will be found useful to note all things of importance.



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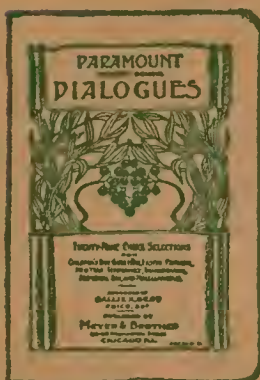


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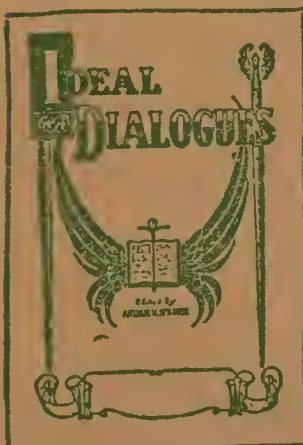
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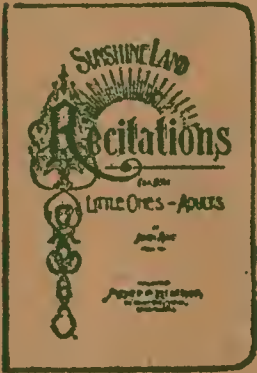
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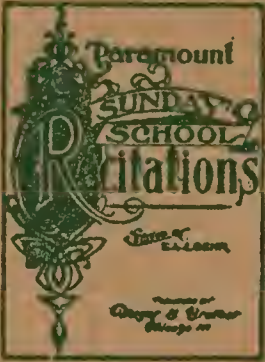
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